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## THE ANSWER OF A WEARIED TRAVELLER

TO TWO GERMANS WHO INVITED HIM TO MAKE A TOUR  
OF THE WORLD.

*Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of STAHL.*

MANY thanks to you for your offer, you may go where you please, but I shall not follow you.

I have travelled enough—too much!

I must confess, that when I set out for the first time, I expected something from so much inconvenience. Who has not, in leaving his native village, counted upon discovering a new world! And I said to myself, after having sought fruitlessly, in solitude and in silence, for the *ultimatum* of human felicity, who knows but that I might perhaps find it in frequented places!

What a mistake!

When we have taken a somewhat close survey of the world, we hesitate to believe it to be the theatre of great things; or, rather, we are tempted to say, with its detractors (so much are we astonished to find everywhere decay), that it is now only a grain of perishing dust.

To speak only of places celebrated in science, go then to Alexandria, formerly the retreat of savants and philosophers; instead of those restless, turbulent groups, animated with a desire to be acquainted with sophists, cynics, academicians, stoics, epicureans, peripatetics, sceptics, gnostics, mystics, neoplatonists, mythrians, cabalists, and other sects, which succeeded each other in its museum, where every savant was entitled to his place, and you will find there only jackals, donkeys, rats, hawks, and owls.

Go to Athens; in the place of Zeus teaching under the portico, and Plato on Cape Sunium, you will find Bavarians. Sourkrout is sold on the Acropolis, and Munich sausages on the steps of the Parthenon, which the indignant shade of Socrates must have abandoned!

In Macedonia, there is no longer any place for Alexander, nor for his master, Aristotle.

And as to those favored lands, where the poets have scattered their divine fancies, seek now there for the haunts which have been embalmed by the muses, and see what will be the result. I found myself one day on a spot so sterile that it was uninhabited, or nearly so; with great difficulty I found there two or three huts and a few savages. I was at Cythia: of the altars on which formerly had burned the incense of Sappho, of Anacreon, and of other worshippers of the most beautiful of the goddesses, there remains scarcely a vestige, and echo itself no longer answers to the name of Venus!

Alas! what a pity that Amathus is no more. Pastimes are here as scarce as rice is at Paphos; and as to love, there is no more of it here than elsewhere. There, as everywhere, kisses and quarrels go hand in hand, after which they make their bow to a new face.

I have vainly sought in the Canary Islands for a souvenir

of Armidi and of the valiant Renaud, and of those enchanted gardens, each tree whereof contained nymphs as beautiful as day! There, in a beautiful climate, I found that poetry was wanting; that the trees were shrivelled instead of reflecting the warm light of love; and in place of the song of the fairies, to which Tasso consecrated the harmony of his verses—how shall I say it—the only music there—was that of the canary bird!

I, too, wished to see everything, and was attracted by every celebrated name: Abydos and Sestos, rendered famous by the loves of Hero and Leander; Oaxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne,

“Ariano aux rochers contient ses injustices;”

Delos, and the palm tree under which were born the sun and the moon, Apollo and Diana; Carthage, where M. de Chateaubriand thought he saw the flames from the funeral pile of Dido; Ithica, the country of Ulysses, where a woman was faithful; and, in fact, so many other places which shine as stars in the night of history.

Alas! what have I done, and what has it profited me to strip from these venerated spots the enchantment of distance? We seek for gods and syrens, and we find white bears and ice. The reality is bitter, because it takes the place of hope, which is bitter. All that man wishes to see and to have, let him look for it in himself. If the infinite is anywhere, it is in us, frail as we are. If poetry does not sleep with you under your pillow, you may seek for it in vain. It was not necessary for blind Homer to contemplate Troy in ashes in order to celebrate its fall; Virgil, Milton, Dante, had but to use their eyes to see what they have seen; it was at the bottom of his inkstand that Ariosto found those enchanted forests, where the loving Angelica and the devoted Médor passed such happy days, interweaving their names on the bark of trees; Tasso only required a candle to illuminate Jerusalem Delivered, and even that he could dispense with, since once day being without the means of buying one, it occurred to him to address a pretty sonnet to his cat, begging her to lend him, during the night, the light of her eyes,—which she no doubt did.

I have just completed, with some friends, what is agreed upon as being a splendid journey of two or three thousand miles, at least. To what extent has our baggage increased? What have we seen? What have we done? What extraordinary events have we to relate?

Our horses one morning carried us through a field of berries.

It happened to us more than once, to meet three magpies flying against the wind from the south to the north!

We were once witnesses of a fight between a black cat and a crow.

Another day we discovered under the trunk of an old willow tree an old owl looking steadily at the sun.

The summit of a poplar tree was one evening shattered before our eyes by lightning. And on another evening I accidentally crushed a spider.

Children sometimes followed us with their cries.

The dogs often barked when they saw us.

Formerly, they say, that travellers used to meet on their journeys with fairies, enchanters, magicians, heroes and heroines, Bradamantes and Dulcineas, fantastical armies, and mysterious windmills, kings marrying peasant girls, and huts inhabited by great princesses. Nothing of the kind presented itself to our view. We saw so many cities, so many forests, so many streams, and so many rivers, that we came to the conclusion that there was but one forest, one stream, one city, always the same; but as to prodigies we saw not one! The only miracle which is yet to be found, and which it is true has ceased to be one since it no longer astonishes, is that of the enchantress Circe, who changed men into beasts.

This magician has not carried her secret away with her: every woman with beautiful eyes, under the influence of a perverted heart, possesses it.

In those countries where one is a stranger, the traveller, like those spoken of in the Bible, has eyes and sees not, ears and hears not, hands and touches nothing:

*"Multa hospitita, paucus amicitias."*

Nothing is truer than this sad line in travelling: many resting spots, but no friends: if you pass along rapidly you see nothing; if you stay awhile it is otherwise—it is worse: for if you are truly good (some boast, others hide their sufferings, but all suffer), you leave behind you some of your heart, some of your pity, and, if you have been well received, regrets, which you cannot overcome, and for which you have no relief.

Is it not sad to mingle with thousands of people, with millions of fellow-beings, and to have the arms always opened without being able to embrace a friend?

We had, besides, the good fortune to find on our way what everybody else would have found there in like circumstances—people on foot and people on horseback, both equally hurried on by the many desires, which the world soon satiates. Some in light vehicles, running after pleasure and finding ennui; others in heavy, lumbering, inconvenient carriages—real travelling houses; these filled with poor miserable creatures, who could all and always answer to this question—"Whence come you and where do you go?"—by saying, I have come from misery, and I am returning to it; I am occupied in passing from one extreme to the other.

Of all that make use of the road in travelling, let me tell you the horses are the most sensible; they alone know what they are doing, and if they were asked, "Why do you go?" they could answer, with pride, "Because I am whipped."

No. Man is not made to travel; and the proof of it is, that there are still, and always will be, thank God, impassable deserts.

Yearning or care, anxiety or regrets, furrow the brow of

him who goes from place to place. Motion, like labor, has been imposed upon us as a heaven-sent punishment. Man's first step, his first journey, was made under the weight of his first fault, when the angel, with his flaming sword, drove him from the terrestrial Paradise; and his second was the crime which made him silent,—Abel being dead, Cain sought a country which was ignorant of his crime.

What more shall I say to you?

Like all travellers, we were hungry and thirsty; we were obliged to descend and to ascend; to drink and to eat; to be fatigued and to take repose. Our journey was not without intermission; we stopped pretty regularly during the day to dine, during the night to sleep, and our happiness then consisted in finding a miserable inn, a bad supper, and in the angle of a wretched room one of those beds, in which we would like to be able to sleep (after so many others) without touching it.

As regards the country itself, we might verify the fact, that mountains generally overlook plains, that stones are hard, and that water wets.

The smallest corner of the earth being the compendium of the rest, a little stone, if you bring it close to the eye, becomes a rock; the leaf of a tree becomes a forest; when we see a child we see a man.

As to the cities; at a distance the greatest of them is scarcely more than an ant-hill; if, instead of being a son of Adam we were only the son of an elephant, one would be afraid of making an ungracious joke by laying a foot on it; and lightly as we may pass over it, one is astonished that it is in these curious conglomerations of little houses that all the beautiful words are knit together, with which the universe is augmented.

Roofs are flat, when they are not pointed; sometimes they are round. But architects may labor in vain, a roof will never be but a roof; and it will never cover anything but men.

Ah! how often it might have been said of each of us—

*"Celui-ci pendant son voyage,  
Tourna les yeux vers son village  
Plus d'une fois."*

Is it necessary to change one's slippers for travelling-boots to be convinced that the earth is round; that the surface of the waters covering it is seven times greater than that which we can cover with a dry foot; that it is divided into five parts; that Europe is distinguished from the four others by being the smallest; and that on the whole globe there is scarcely more than seven hundred and thirty-eight millions of inhabitants? All of which the most simple geographical treatise might teach in a quarter of an hour to the slowest comprehension.

In short, there is nothing like going everywhere to arrive nowhere. He who has seen everything has seen nothing, for his heart and his reason are tired of following him; and he alone is wise—is truly wise, who has never passed beyond his own threshold. For my own part, I would like to be a snail, and never quit my shell. The only benefit to be

derived from travelling is, that after having journeyed much, all that we desire is, to stop.

Nevertheless, he adds, after reflecting a moment, every human being is entitled to one folly. I will then follow you against my own advice. Besides,

"*Malum consilium est quod mutari non potest.*"

(*O'est un mauvais dessin que celui qu'on ne peut changer.*)

And even if I should be a new example to prove that the most difficult thing in the world is to be firm in what we propose, the number of these examples being already so great, what would be the harm?

Let us go.

"The travelled foot, though wearied, still moves on," says the proverb.

THE representation of Kama, the god of love, is one of the most graceful specimens of Hindoo imagination. Like the classical Cupid, he is a smiling boy with bow and arrows. He rides upon a gaudy and loquacious parrot; his bow is a bent sugar-cane, adorned by wreaths of flowers; its string is formed by a row of flying bees, and the arrow is a lily. Thus the Hindoo tries, in a symbolical way, to express the gentleness and sweetness, the inconstancy and the stings, of love by one comprehensive image. Kama, the beautiful god, so runs the legend, stood once on the banks of the Ganges; and, admiring his own charms in the mirror of the river, he exclaimed, "A single glance shows clearly that neither gods nor men can resist me;" and, in his mind, he passed all the gods in review who had already been subdued by him; but he did not undertake to count the innumerable multitude of his slaves among mankind, for they are coming and going like the flowers of spring. Forgetful of all around him, he was suddenly roused from the admiration of his own beauty by Reva—his faithful wife, the goddess of delight—telling him to awake and to flee, for Siva is approaching, the three-eyed god of destruction. But Kama replied, "Should none of my arrows be fit for the fierce god? See, Reva, that even the destroyer of worlds cannot escape love;" and he shot his strongest arrow straight into the bosom of Siva. The destroyer, feeling suddenly the pangs of love, looked around, and wrathful for his wound, bent a look like lightning from his eye, upon the bold archer who had hit him; and so powerful was the glance, that Kama's body at once burned to ashes. The unhappy Reva collected the remains of her beloved husband, and washing them in her tears, and in the sacred waters of the Ganges, hid them in her bosom; but suddenly she was comforted, for she felt that Kama had revived in her very heart. From that time the god of love is called *Ananga*, that is to say, the *bodyless*, because he has no body, though he lives; and *Hritauya*, or the *sleeping* in the heart, because he sleeps in the heart of Reva. But the goddess of delight, bearing the god in her bosom, became ill, and could not be healed; for Kama consumed her from within. She died at last; and from that time mortals bear love in their hearts, not with delight, but with sorrow. As long as they bear love within their bosom, it is a pang; and when he steps forth, it is but a shadow. Such is the Hindoo myth of Love's Death.—*National Magazine (Eng.)*

## GLIMPSES OF MUNICH,

FROM "AN ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH."

NUMBER THREE.

OUR artist grows weary of the beautiful and poetical Munich decoration, the endless arabesques and flowers, and cupids in fresco, which make the ceilings in the Royal Library "like embossed paper boxes or patterns for a shawl." Even the poorest houses in Munich have something of this color and design about them. In the best houses they are planned and executed by such men as Kaulbach and Neureuther: on the front of Kaulbach's house are two medallions, the ground an intensely brilliant ultra-marine, and each containing, in relief of pale buff, a beautiful figure of a youth, holding by the mane a prancing and snorting horse; above each youth is a star.

The book is full of lively description, which we cannot quote,—pictures of life in the streets and squares, the gardens and homes of Munich, with humorous kindly sketches of character and manners. It shows us also an endless variety of festivals, ceremonies, and celebrations. Life in the little German cities would seem to be one long holiday. We can give little more than a list of these gaieties. She sees first a religious procession.

"The morning was gloriously bright, the sky as cloudless and blue as an Italian sky; the streets through which the procession passed were strewn with grass and flowers; whole forests of birch-trees seemed to have been cut down to decorate the houses; they were arranged side by side against the walls, so that the procession seemed to pass through the vista of a green wood. Banners, tapestry, garlands, floated from the windows of the houses, which were often converted into shrines with burning tapers, golden crucifixes, pictures, and flowers. The air was filled with the sound of hymns and the pealing of bells; altars were erected at the corners of the streets, at the fountains, and before the churches. Through the gay street wound the long train; priests in their gorgeous robes, scarlet, white, and gold, under gorgeous canopies; Franciscan monks in their grave-colored garbs; Sisters of Mercy; various brotherhoods in quaint picturesque attire, all with gay floating banners and silver crucifixes. Then came young girls with wreaths of myrtle on their heads, with lilies and palm-branches in their hands, or bearing books, tapers, or rosaries; then troops and troops of little children, all in white, and their heads crowned with flowers, and all raising their pure youthful voices in hymns of praise! It was very beautiful. My soul seemed calm and exalted. And, at a window opposite to where I was, sat an old, old woman, watching all with the deepest devotion. I shall not soon forget her face."

We go with her to the October Volks-fest, on which occasion the uncovering of the great Bavaria statue takes place. The statue is thus described:

"Of its situation I have already spoken; I have mentioned how this work of Art, stupendous in its Titanic proportions, and awful in its calm majestic beauty, the result of ten years' incessant anxiety, stands on a broad meadow to the west of Munich—a portion of the great plain that stretches away to the Alps. It rests on the edge of what at first appears to be an